Lowell Textile Institute
Lowell, Mass.

The Text

VOL. XII. LOWELL, MASS., MARCH 27, 1930 No. 12

Textile Night a Howling Success

Freshman-Sophomore Game Runs 2 Extra Periods. Sophomores Win

'Tis often said thet "Expectation is greater than realization." However, this was emphatically disproved at Textile Night at the Y. M. C. A., held on last Tuesdey evening. Just about the entire student body turned out to disport themselves for the evening in basketball, pool, swimming, bowling, and, lastly, eating. A goodly crowd of instructors was also present. Among this multitude not a dissenting voice was heard to the sentiment that this was the best get-together ever enjoyed at the "Y."

The evening started off with the inter-class bowling match. Here teams made up of the classiest bowlers on the campus rolled for the supremecy of the Institute. After a grueling contest, during which the players labored under a severe handicap due to the presence of members of the opposite sex, the junior quartet, composed of Allard, Danahy, Grant and Quigley, came out on top, with a score of 376. Next in order came the seniors, sophomores and freshmen, the inexperience of the latter being fatal to their success. In the instructors' match, Coach Yarnall, Professor Cushing, Walt Robbins, and Harmon Howarth scored a snappy victory over Professors Merrill and Brown, Baker and Kennedy, by the score of 334 to 306.

From here the scene shifted to the swimming pool. After a period devoted to fancy diving and swimming, the freshmen opposed the juniors in a game of water polo. Due to the vigilance of Bill Birenbaum in stopping Hardman from slipping one over, the juniors gained but one point, while the frosh slapped the board four times.

The highlight of the evening, however, was the Freshmen-Sophomore basketball geme, which is staged annually at the "Y." It was the most bitterly fought contest ever seen in this gym, being outstanding because of bullet-like passing and miraculous shooting. It was necessary to play two extra periods in order to break a deadlock which held up to the last ten seconds of the final overtime period.

The Sophs led at the half, 10-6. The Freshmen crept up steadily, and when the whistle blew at the end of the second period the count was 22-22. The first overtime stanza ended 26-26. The game became fast and furious, and full of thrills during the second extra period, both teams outdoing themselves, but the Sophomores managed to come out on top, 29-28. This was the hardest fought but cleanest game ever played between two classes. Glowienski and Atkinson scintillated for the yearlings, with 12 and 10 points respectively, while "Tiger Jim" Brosnan and Sammy Walker each looped 10 points for the second-year men. The score:

(Continued on Page 2)

Seniors Hear Weaving Lecture

The members of the Senior Class taking courses I, II, III and VI heard a lecture on weaving on Wednesday afternoon, March 19. This lecture was sponsored by the firm of Crompton & Knowles and delivered by Mr. Palmer, research assistant to the general superintendent of the works. This was one of a series of four talks, the latter three to be given in the future, concerning "The Development of Modern Weaving Machines and Its Relation to Cost".

In his first lecture the speaker chose the subject of the "Analysis and Cost of Weaving", in which all the different costs of actual weaving were discussed at great length. The biggest cost in weaving, according to Mr. Palmer, was due to the waste of stock by the workers. Other important points were brought out and talked over at the same time.

It is to be regretted that the entire student body could not listen to this address, but they may have the opportunity of hearing those which are to be given in the near future.

Players' Association Now Completing Arrangements for the Annual Presentation

Under the directions of General Manager McLean the members of the Lowell Textile Players are all working to finish the preparations for the annual Textile Show and Ball. Publicity Manager Ferguson has had posters printed which are being displayed in the show windows of the city's leading merchants and also on the students' cars.

Several rehearsals are being held every week, and Coach Keyes is very well satisfied with the efforts of the members of the cast, and this fact insures the usual quality production.

Under the gentle persuasion of Prof. Fickett, the stage department will start functioning this week in obtaining the necessary props for staging the show. Tom Sadler, '30, is in charge of this important detail, and after his three years of experience in this type

Continued on Last Page

Engineers Take Day Off

Go On Inspection Tour of Boston Plants

On Friday, March 21, the Lowell Textile Section of the A. S. M. E. had another interesting trip. The program included the Ford plant in Somerville, the Maverick Mills in East Boston, and a get-together at the University Club of the various student branches of the A. S. M. E. in and around Boston. At the Ford plant our budding engineers saw the marvelous organization that Henry Ford's engineers have effected to make the present Ford car possible. The Seniors were allowed to gloat over the power plant and all its wonderful gadgets. Lunch was enjoyed immediately after the morning's trip was over.

In the afternoon the party journeyed over to East Boston to visit the Maverick Mills. Although it was a difficult place to find, this part of the trip was thoroughly enjoyed. The guide, Mr. Molloy, extended every possible courtesy to the visitors. The Maverick Mills are up-to-date cotton mills, and for this reason furnished the engineers a good picture of what a properly organized cotton mill should look like. Some of the processes not commonly seen were: automatic hand machines, bobbin cleaners, automatic drawing-in machines, and a series of Teasel Combers. At the present time the Maverick is working day and night on cotton voile orders. Just before leaving someone spied a double toggle-joint and all hands watched the machine operate. The time between leaving the mills and banquet was filled in by seeing a show at the Metropolitan.

Promptly at six the party adjourned to the University Club. A delicious dinner was served and good entertainment was enjoyed. The speakers of the evening were Dr. Adler, consulting engineer from New York, and Mr. A. C. Klein, engineer for Stone & Webster. Dr. Adler urged more engineers to enter public life. "I know of no class of men better fitted to enter public life than the engineers," declared the speaker. He contended that an engineer has a good mental equipment for any job. Mr. Klein gave his listeners some hints on getting started in the engineering profession. He also urged that more business subjects be included in the engineering curriculum, for, according to him, there is an increasing demand for engineer-trained executives. The meeting was adjourned at about ten thirty o'clock.

It might be mentioned at this time that Ned Spaulding made a touch and left for the forbidden parts of Boston. Several others followed suit. The trip home was enriched by community singing of the better type. The group reached Lowell at about twelve o'clock.

Date Set for "Open House"

April 11 to be Visitors' Day

According to an announcement issued by President Eames, Friday, April 11, has been selected as the day of "Open House" at the Institute. During the afternoon and evening visitors will be conducted through the different departments of the school. Each student has been asked to invite his friends, relatives, and all others who would be interested in any part of textile production.

The heads of all departments are co-operating splendidly in their efforts to please the guests. The exhibit in the wool department, which caused such favorable comment last year, will be repeated. In addition to this, there will be four live sheep, in custody of a shepherd, from Massachusetts State Agricultural College. The manufacture of woolen and worsted fabrics will be shown, starting from the sheep's back, through the scouring, spinning, weaving, over to the final processing in the wool-finishing department, conducted by Professor Stuart.

In the cotton department there will be an exhibition, showing cotton from the plant to the final material, covering a few of the multitudinous uses. The cotton weaving will embody the use of many innovations in loom construction and operation.

Much interest will be shown in the rayon department. Many people have seen sheep, cotton plants, and silkworms, but few have ever had the opportunity to watch the action of a "mechanical silkworm" or rayon machine, which produces that fine, gossamer-like filament which finds so many uses nowadays. The whole process of rayon manufacture may be studied, from the filament to the bleaching and dyeing, and finally the weaving and finishing. For the weaving two new special rayon looms will be in operation for the first time.

In the engineering department, all of the different phases of textile engineering will be demonstrated. The new physics laboratory will be open for public inspection for the first time. Professor Ball is doing his utmost to make this day interesting for visitors to his department. The design department, under Professor Bachmann, will display the latest modes in styling and designing, showing the modern trend in that important art, which is connected with the beautification and structure of textile fabrics.

In the chemistry department all the commercial methods of chemical analysis will be run through. Dyes will be manufactured and then applied on the cloth in the dyeing laboratory, which will be running at its peak.

All in all, this is going to be a big day for everybody. Invite your parents and friends, fellows; they'll have a great time, and we'll enjoy ourselves, also. Get busy with your invitations!

Professor H. J. Ball Attends A. S. T. M. Convention At N. Carolina

Professor Herbert J. Ball, head of the Textile Engineering Department, made a trip, two weeks ago, to Charlotte, N. C. The objective of his trip was to attend the spring meeting of the D-13 Committee of the American Society of Testing Materials. He left on Wednesday, March 12, accompanied by Professor Haven, of M. I. T.

Professor Ball is chairman of the Committee of Textile Testing Machines. At his committee meeting he delivered a paper on "The Present State of Abrasion Testing." Among some of the other papers was one by Mr. Appel, chief of the Textile Section of the Bureau of Standards, who outlined the work of the Bureau on abrasion, and who described a machine developed by the Bureau. Mr. A. E. Davieau (L. T. I., '16), of the U. S. Testing Co. of New York City, described the work of his company along similar lines, and the machine designed by Dr. Edwards, president of the U. S. Testing Co. It is the work of Professor Ball's committee to prepare, if possible, specifications of a machine suitable for abrasion testing.

Professor Ball also attended the meeting of the committee on Rayon, and that of Cotton. The former committee is attempting to bring its specifications into agreement with those of the Bureau International pour la Standardisation des Fibres Artificielles.

While in the South, Professor Ball visited the Cramerton Mills, which make fine dress goods, voiles and fine yarns. From there he went to the Loray Mills in Gastonia, N. C., manu-

Continued on Last Page

L. T. I. Evening School Graduation To Be Held April 8th.

Graduation exercises for the Evening Classes of the Lowell Textile Institute are to be held on Tuesday evening, April 8. The speaker is to be announced later, according to President Eames. The public is cordially invited to attend this function.

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EDITORIALS

The Text deems it a kindness to the Freshman Class not to publish the honor list for the first five weeks. It seems disgraceful that out of such a large class not more could pass all their subjects. Even allowing for the usual slump which is apparent at this time every year among the Freshmen, the results are still unsatisfactory. It's high time the Freshmen realized that they are now in College, and must come up to college caliber in the standard of study.

There are yet two more weeks in which to prepare for the second annual "Open House" By now the heads of the departments have all their plans in readiness for this day. All that remains is to have the student body co-operate to the utmost, and get behind it with the same spirit possessed by the faculty. Two weeks is a short time—get busy!

Textile Show
FRIDAY, APRIL 4th
Dress Up At
MACARTNEY'S
72 MERRIMACK STREET

TEXTILE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY
LOWELL TEXTILE INSTITUTE
MONARCH or CLUB STATIONERY
SPECIAL 85c.
TWO WEEKS ONLY — BUY EARLY — SAVE THE RUSH

Courtesy --- Stability
At the Union National Bank you are assured of prompt and courteous attention, and the stability of this institution is guaranteed by its length of service and the standing of those who constitute its personnel.
The UNION
National Bank
In the Business Heart of Lowell
Capital and surplus $1,200,000

Suggests Changes In Textile Mills

Some action to establish fewer hours of labor in textile mills, with no reduction of weekly wages, and to secure the gradual elimination of night shifts, is a suggestion of Henry T. Kendall, of Boston, inspired by the conference of President Hoover's committee on business stabilization. This suggestion was confined in a letter sent to Washington and referred by Secretary Lamont to the committee, wherein also was proposed the appointing of a man of recognized standing, familiar with textile conditions in the North and South, as a member of the committee. Mr. Kendall, who is president of the Kendall Mills, Inc., points out that through lack of leadership mill owners have been unable of themselves to bring about these changes for the improvement of the industry.

Mr. Kendall cites the serious conditions which have obtained for a number of years because of overproduction which have "had their influence in the labor unrest and strikes which have occurred recently and which have been focusing attention to long hours and the extremely low earnings, due in part to enforced curtailment.

"It might be inopportune at the present time to endeavor to eliminate night running in cotton mills. It might temporarily throw people out of work. Perhaps such a move could be arrived at later. I believe that the industry as a whole would benefit from it, that it would promote new construction and at the same time would add to the cost of textiles to the consumer but a relatively small amount. The reduction of hours to a number not over fifty in any one week would accomplish a real reform. It would give more leisure and a higher standard of living. It would permanently bring a reduction in output, which would offset in part the overproduction which now exists, and it would raise the average earnings because for some years the industry has not operated to capacity and the workers have been the principal sufferers.

"Our five cotton mills are all located in North and South Carolina and for competitive reasons we are compelled to operate them day and night and fifty-five hours a week on each shift. We have eliminated women entirely from one shift and successfully, and have found this entirely practical. We are filling vacancies in women's positions on the day shift with women from the night shift and are employing no new women on night shifts. We are opposed to night operation of women and minors as being socially unsound and night operation, taking the industry as a whole, as economically unsound.

"The South has been under criticism for its long hours and justly so. But, through lack of leadership, in which the South differs in no respect from the North, they have not been able to bring about these reforms by concerted action. Yet, I believe they would all welcome the change if it could be brought about in all of the States. I feel sure that now is a psychological time and the opportunity is presented to you to bring this thing about."

Pickout on Press

Editor-in-chief Jones of the Pickout was seen frantically rushing about the past few weeks gathering together the remaining loose ends, and getting the Pickout ready for the press. He scouted up individual pictures, group pictures, snapshots, writeups, and anything and everything that would help make the year book bigger and better. By the look of supreme pleasure on his face, it has been taken for granted that his searching parties were successful, and yielded much material for the annual. It seems that he got good co-operation from the members of the Pickout board and in this way was relieved of his burdens considerably. With all the material in no time was lost in getting it to the printers, who will prepare it for publication.

TEXTILE NIGHT AT "Y" HOWLING SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 1)

SOPHOMORES

	B	F	Pts.
Walker, rb	4	2	10
Meehan, lb	0	0	0
Brosnan, lb	4	2	10
Howard, c	1	0	2
Truesdale, rf	0	0	0
Shapiro, lf	1	5	7
Totals	10	9	29

FRESHMEN

	B	F	Pts.
Atkinson, lf	5	0	10
Hirenbaum, lf	0	0	0
Markarian, rf	0	0	0
Cohen, c	0	0	0
Wells, c	1	0	2
Robillard, lb	1	0	2
Glowienski, lb	6	0	12
Moses, rb	1	0	2
Totals	14	0	28

Score: Sophomores 29, Freshmen 28.

Referee: Pearson, Y. M. C. A.

Time: 4 8-minute periods, 2 5-minute periods, overtime.

During the entire evening, the billiard room was full, as the pool-sharks got in their licks. The more active men put in an exhausting night of checkers, but this sport was too much of a strain for the majority to enjoy.

At ten o'clock the usual "eats" were announced,—only once. There was a concerted swoop on to the tables to grab off the coffee and doughnuts. The consensus of opinion is that the Seniors came out first in this contest. After this was over the party scattered to the different parts of the city, there to have nightmares due to the hearty feed.

Congratulations are to be extended to Professor L. H. Cushing for this wonderful evening. He ran all of the activities, single-handed, in the smoothest possible manner. The expenses of the affair were borne by the Text and the Athletic Association.

She: "How did you learn to kiss like that?"

He: "I used to play a saxophone—"

1855 · SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY · 1930

Never-ending search for truth

Today, in a locked room in the Crane laboratories, can be seen a cherry-red bar of metal. In a specially devised air-tight cylinder, under constant temperature of 1600° F., at fixed stress, it is being given the 1000 hour "flow" test. At the same temperature, at various stresses, it will be given the same test for the same time-period.

The tests are being made at the request of an oil man who has asked for valves for an experimental still, to operate at 1500° and 2500 pounds. Can he have them? At the end of the exhaustive tests, Metallurgist L. W. Spring will be able to tell him, exactly, authoritatively.

Since the first Crane chemical and testing laboratory was founded in 1888, thousands of similar questions so vital to safe and economical industrial progress, have been asked and answered. The contribution made by Crane metallurgists to scientific knowledge of the reaction of metals under high pressures and temperatures is known and respected throughout the world, is familiar to every oil man who has used the cracking process and every engineer who has to do with piping.

The truths discovered and scientific data collected are embodied in a book, *Pioneering in Science*. This is a reference manual invaluable to engineering students. Write for your copy.

CRANE
PIPING MATERIALS TO CONVEY AND CONTROL STEAM, LIQUIDS, OIL, GAS, CHEMICALS
CRANE CO., GENERAL OFFICES: 836 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO
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SPORTING PAGE

Basketball Letters Awarded

Nine Men Receive Their "T's"

Last week the Executive Council had a meeting, at which they voted on the following players to receive their letters in basketball for the 1930 season:

Julius Jarek, '31, Captain.
Edward J. Allard, '31.
Aime A. Savard, '32.
Gerald F. Quigley, '31.
Francis P. McGee, '30.
Michael J. Kokoska, '33.
James Kendrick, '33.
Edward F. Moren, '32.
Benjamin B. Meady, '30, Manager.

A scientist says that reindeer developed horns to save their heads from bumps. This rather shakes the theory that reindeer developed horns to make hat stands.

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One day Dr. Smith asked Dr. McGregor what he thought of his new car. The next week he got a bill from him for a consultation.

2 Talkie Celebrities Broadcast for Whiteman

A glittering pair of the talkie screen's most accomplished actresses entertained radio fans last Tuesday evening, as guests of the Old Gold-Paul Whiteman hour. They were Jeanette Loff and Grace Hayes, two of the best singing voices in Hollywood.

You'll recall Miss Loff plays the heroine opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Party Girl," an all-talking Tiffany production. As one of her radio presentations she sang "Beach in the Park," featured in the Whiteman picture "King of Jazz Revue." Grace Hayes, who made her first hit in "The Passing Show of 1926," also stepped from a lead role in the same revue to sing before Whiteman's microphone.

The following was the entire program, as presented last Tuesday evening:

SIGNATURE—Rhapsody in Blue.
1. Hello, Baby—Rhythm Boys.
   Loose Ankles—Trio.
2. I Don't Need Atmosphere—Crosby.
   Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love—Bailey.
   Kickin' a Hole in the Sky—Trio.
3. Bench in the Park—Jeanette Loff.
4. Fascinating Devil—Crosby.
   When a Women Loves a Man—Bailey.
   Aren't We All—Trio.
5. When You're Smiling—Trio.
   Song of India.
6. Keeping Myself—Bailey.
   Ship Without a Sail.
   Strike Up the Band.
7. Never Say Die—Rhythm Boys.
   South Sea Rose—Bailey.
8. Love Ain't Nothing but the Blues—Crosby.
   Love, Your Spell Is Everywhere—Bailey.
   Turn on the Heat—Trio.

SIGNATURE—Rhapsody in Blue.

GUEST ARTISTS:
Jeanette Loff.
Grace Hayes.

The inspector was testing the general knowledge of the junior class. Stepping a half-dollar on the desk, he said sharply: "What's that?"

Instantly a voice from the back row: "Tells, sir!"

• • • •

Inquisitive Woman (eyeing catch): "Oh, the poor little fish."

Annoyed Angler: "Well, madam, if he'd kept his mouth shut, he wouldn't have got into trouble."

A Short, Short Story

One evening Clarence came into the parlor and asked his father for two matches. Now the old commodore was a careful man, and before complying with the request, he asked, "What are you going to do with the matches, Clarence? You know you are not of age as yet."

"Oh, yes, Father," replied Clarence. "I'll be very careful. I simply wanted the matches to ascertain whether or not there was any gasoline in the car before I take it out."

"That is a capital idea," said the father, "I have been worrying about that very matter myself."

With that he placed two nice new matches in the youth's eager hand.

The boy ran from the house and out to the car. The father sat smoking and gazing off into space. "I wonder if there really is plenty of gas in that car?" He was talking to himself. "Let me see, now, there should be some, the tank was——"

His thoughts were interrupted by a rather huge BOOM! accompanied by the splintering of wood.

"Ah, yes," smiled the old gentleman, as he closed his eyes restfully, "there certainly must have been."

Coach Yarnall Issues Call for Baseball Candidates

The first practice session was held on Tuesday, March 18, for the battery candidates, and a number responded. Included were a number of new men attending Textile for the first time. Uniforms were issued to last year's letter men and to several of the more promising new men. Among the letter men who are back for the practice this spring are Quigley, Allard, Beeman, Savard, Truesdale. Around these men the coach will attempt to mold a new team capable of carrying out this year's schedule in a satisfactory manner.

The captain of this year's team is Quigley, who is playing his third year of varsity baseball for Textile. Last year Savard took care of center field, Beeman saw duty behind the bat, Allard took his turn in the box, Truesdale held down second and short also at times, while Quigley displayed his wares at the hot corner. Among the new candidates for the pitching assignment is Gernor, who has a record of four years' mound work at the Kesar Falls High School (Me.).

The manager of this year's team is Frank McGee, '30, who is a letter man in basketball and football. At present neither he nor Coach Yarnall have any statement to make regarding the type of team that will represent Textile on the diamond, due to the early date.

CATCHALL

The following excerpt from the Catchall, in the Lowell Courier-Citizen is one of many comments concerning the Old Gold advertising which is being drawn by John Held, Jr., modern engineer of the old school:

"At the moment I am deriving a tremendous kick from the Old Gold cigaret advertising which is running in this paper. John Held, Jr., is the illustrator, and Mr. Held has gone back to the old wood cut idea and the motif for each advertisement is supplied by the old ten, twenty, thirty melodrama and the novels of the bygone Laura Jean Libby school. Just follow the current series of Old Gold ads and he carried back to the good old days when heroes were heroes, villains wore black moustaches and virtue never failed to triumph. Realism, fortunately, I believe, wasn't known then. Stories had to have happy endings or out they'd go. Mr. Held has surely caught the spirit of the day. His stuff is better, to my mind, than the best of the comic strips. That's what I call advertising."

Nature Lover (gazing at gigantic tree): "Oh, wonderful, mammoth oak, if you could speak what would you tell me?"

Gardener (near by): "S'cuse me, mum, but 'e would probably say, 'If you please, I'm not an oak, I'm a spruce.'"

Old Golds increase in sales January 1930, over January 1929, was over double the increase of all the other cigarettes in the United States put together during January 1930.

"CALL OFF YOUR DOGS!"
CRIED YVONNE WADDINGHAM-WADDINGHAM

For Yvonne's feeble strength was spent after an hour's flight across the ice-pack.

"Them ain't dogs, woman!" laughed the sheriff. "Them's your boy friends. They bark like bloodhounds because they don't smoke OLD GOLD, the honey-smooth cigarette made from queen-leaf tobacco ..... better have 'em change to it and save yourself a lot of unnecessary alarm, my gal."

OLD GOLD

© P. Lorillard Co.

FASTEST GROWING CIGARETTE IN HISTORY...NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

On your Radio... OLD GOLD—PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR. Paul Whiteman and complete orchestra . . . every Tuesday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

TEXTILE NOTES

Sheep Shearing

We were stopping for the night at a boarding house in Terry, Montana. Among the subjects discussed during the course of the evening was that of sheep shearing. It was said that several herders were at the "yards" with their sheep, and shearing was to start in the morning. The young son of our host was going down for a lark, and would be willing to show us the way if we cared to see the operation.

The following morning our departure from Terry was postponed long enough to add a few notes on sheep shearing to those obtained in "Tech. Fibers Wool," etc.

To me it proved to be highly interesting. For days we had been passing herds of sheep in the mountains and high plateaus. With each flock of sheep the "covered wagon," in which the herders resided, was sure to be seen, and had from the first aroused my curiosity.

For months their covered wagon was their sole home, and in it they stored their supplies and comforts, cooked their meals, and slept at night.

At the "yard" stood a covered wagon, and I satisfied my curiosity by peering into the open back. It was a model for compactness from which any modern tourist-camper could learn a worth while lesson. The top covering was of white canvas with a semi-circular opening at the rear. In truth, it was identical to the covered wagons which carried our first pioneers westward, but was somewhat reduced in size. At the forward end, a neat wood-burning stove was built in and a chimney to carry the smoke from the same up and out into the air above. At each side a bunk was built out over the chassis. At the foot of each bunk a closed cabinet housed small wares and supplies. The idea of living in such a neat, compact camp up in the high, airy regions, far off from the noise of hustling crowds, would appeal to anyone. However, the fact that the herder had only his sheep, his dogs, and possibly one other human being and absolutely no more for company during the entire summer, did not seem overbalanced by the fact that at the end of the season he had about three hundred and ten dollars to his credit. The loneliness of such a life must, at the least, be very trying at times.

The shearing was already making progress, and was found to be no less fascinating. Men whose sole work was to follow the shearing season about throughout the Western States were perspiring freely at their tasks. One shearer in particular was dripping perspiration faster than any living being I ever saw before or since.

An old "buck" with a bell attached to a collar around his neck, served as a leader. He was led from what I will call "open pens" down a narrow passage way, each time followed by a group of sheep trailing behind in that characteristic blind way of sheep. As they passed along by stalls which lined one side of the passage way they were pushed under a hanging canvas partition, a few into each stall.

There in these stalls they waited patiently until the shearer reached under a similar curtain on the other side and dragged their forth by their feet, and very quickly clipped them into a vise which he formed with his legs. First he sheared their under side, working up over their head and then he turned them about and sheared the back and hind quarters. During the entire time the sheep struggled but little. They were held so cleverly by the shearer's legs that all effective resistance was out of the question. When he had finished with one sheep it was pushed under the same curtain, the fleece (still in one piece) was dropped over a low fence onto papers spread over the ground, and he reached forth for another victim. The fleece was done up in a bundle and tied by none other than our friend from the boarding house, and tossed up into the open bag suspended on a frame ready to receive it.

The shearers used power clippers and averaged about two and a half minutes to a sheep. Surely they were not paid by the hour, for not a fraction of a minute did they waste on rest.

Simple as the operation was it held our interest an entire forenoon before we became aware that it was high time we moved on.

J. CARLETON.

Cotton, Wool and Linen

By GOVE HAMBIDGE

Reprinted by permission of the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Nowadays the engine that took Lindbergh winging safely across the Atlantic is sometimes equipped with a propeller made of material which is cousin to that in your cotton frock. These cotton airplane propellers are curious things. Layers of heavy cotton are thickly impregnated with a synthetic rosin and pressed together under heat. When the mass cools it becomes as solid as a block of wood, and tougher—tough enough to stand the terrific strain of pulling an airplane over the ocean. It is satiny smooth in look and feel, and it can be cut and machined as though it were ebony; in fact, it is not unlike ebony, but much lighter in weight and a nice tan color. Not only does this roofed cotton pull airplanes; it is also an up-to-date material for automobile and other machine gears, big or little. Gears made of the stuff run noiselessly, like a cat's paw, even at high speeds.

Nowadays you may ride on cotton without knowing it. Just underneath the surface of these modern concrete roads that make motoring sheer bliss there is sometimes a layer of cotton webbing. This makes a cleavage surface. When the road needs repairing, they don't have to set a gang of men to work with pickaxes. The whole top layer of the road, if necessary, can be neatly pried off with wedge and mallet.

If you lived in Europe, you might skim along the road in an automobile made of cotton. Cotton cloth stretched over bolt sides of a wooden frame has replaced metal in some European car bodies, and has recently been tried experimentally in this country in appearance, they tell me, you can't tell it from metal. Its lightness, it is claimed, brings the center of gravity of the car down close to the road. The layer of air between the outside and the inside surfaces acts as an insulator to keep the car warm in winter and cool in summer. Of course if you have a collision the body is torn instead of dented; but you may save buying a new body by buying a section cut out and a new one put in. The material is not cheap; it costs more than metal. I don't know anything about its merits, but it ought to have wonderful decorative possibilities. You can get a car, for instance, that looks as though it were made of elephant or alligator hide, or the skins of snakes. Why not also cars in chintz, cretonne, flowered organdie and modernistic prints to match a feminine buyer's favorite frocks? What a splash of color Fifth Avenue could be!

The Most Versatile Textile

Cotton is the versatile one in the textile family. It is the textile of a thousand uses. And at the two-year-old Cotton Textile Institute in New York a keen bunch of fellows sitting at desks or plugging away in laboratories do little else all day but figure out and try out new uses for cotton. The man in charge of this work told me he began with this thought: Cotton is a covering material. What could it be made to cover? Well, first of all, the surface of the earth. He has been going ahead with this modest idea as a starter. The Department of Commerce and the Department of Agriculture have been helping along the good work with all their resources. Just last year they completed and published a survey of the present uses of cotton, preliminary to making a survey of possible new uses. That report, showing the vast number of things that are done with cotton these days, is an eye-opener.

Down South, half a nation depends on the heavy fluff of the burst ripe cotton bolls for a living. And this **Gossypium**, cousin of the hollyhock and marshmallow, keeps hundreds of thousands busy at the whirling spindles and clanging looms of yarn and textile mills. On the cotton exchanges men speculate feverishly on on the coming crop. Cotton makes millionaires and dead beats of gentlemen who may never have laid eyes on the stuff, either in the field or in the bale.

And on the radio and in cabarets the world over we have jazz, bizarre eifchild of the American cotton fields—that is, if we agree that this emotion center is born of the negro love for weird moonlight melody. And we have corn bread and crisp fried chicken, and the melancholy beauty of negro blues and spirituals, and the jerky rhythm of negro jigs, and the tales of Uncle Remus to tickle our children, and negro plays and novels to stir up a furore along Broadway. All by-products of the fluffy white bolls of the South, picked by slow-moving gangs of the sons and daughters of Africa.

There are many kinds of these white bolls. The length, or staple, of the fibers clinging to the seed varies from three-quarters of an inch to an inch and three-quarters, the longer fibers making the stronger and finer yarns. On the islands along the coast of North Carolina, Georgia and Florida we used to grow sea-island cotton; here the air and the soil tangy with sea salt produced the best cotton in the world, with the longest staple. But sea-island cotton has been practically wiped out by the boll weevil, that scourge out of Mexico, which lurks overwinter in long grass and dead stalks, and in spring creeps up to smite the cotton plants and ravage the young buds and breed a new generation of weevils.

Egyptian cotton is almost as good. We grow it now in irrigated sections of Arizona and California. This cotton was originally sea-island stock, taken a hundred years ago to the Nile, where it flourished wonderfully in the soil of the ancient valley. Now it has been brought back to America. There is no more fascinating story in practical science than the tale of how a handful of men down in the Department of Agriculture secured and studied this plant, wheedled it into growing in a foreign soil, got the farmers to organize and produce it scientifically, and helped put it over with American manufacturers. In fact, the whole story of what we are doing to improve cotton, how we are pitting our brains against the boll weevil, which was almost too much for us humans, is a drama of science; just as the story of King Cotton in the world's markets is a drama of economics, with the American South playing the chief and often tragic role. King Cotton is a monarch with a turbulent history and a huge influence in world affairs.

Well over half the world's cotton crop comes from our own country. Our production in 1927 was more than 12,000,000 bales of 500 pounds each. We ship a great deal of it over the water to be fed into foreign mills. But other countries are doing their best to jack up their own production. They send men to America to study our methods; they pay American experts well to go abroad and give them pointers. Many kinds of cotton are grown abroad. India, the birthplace of cotton, has its Bengal and Dacca and Surat; Egypt its Sakellarides and Mitafifi and Abassi; China its nankeen; Peru, Brazil, Russia, Mexico, the West Indies are cotton producers.

From the field to the finished fabric, this ribbony, twisted filament of the cottonseed goes through some rough adventures; it is a wonder it stands the gaff. It is hauled to the gin, where it goes into machines that tear the biler off the seed with revolving saws or knives. It is squeezed down into bales at tremendous pressure. It is shipped hither and thither, left out in sun and storm, yanked around with ruthless hooks. It comes to the mill. Once practically all our cotton spinning mills were in the North, but now, tempted by more favorable labor conditions, reduced shipping expenses, tax concessions, increasing numbers of them are moving to the South; I was informed at the Department of Commerce that a million spindles have gone South since 1921. At the mill the raw cotton is mixed, beaten up mercilessly and dust-cleansed with blasts of air, carded and combed by thousands of sharp teeth on rollers. Then the fibers are united, drawn out into slivers, doubled and twisted and redoubled and retwisted, and spun into yarn on those inhumanly efficient machines whose birth brought the travail pangs of the Industrial Revolution.

More rough adventures are ahead. The yarn must be bleached with chemicals, dyed, perhaps mercerized by dipping in caustic soda and stretching, or Schreinerized by passing over polished engraved cylinders which give it a luster. It is coated with starch and gum to make it strong enough to stand the pull of the loom. It is whirled onto spindles, and the clashing loom takes it; shooting bobbins crisscross the yarn into cloth, and a heavy heater hangs them tight against each other. After the cloth is woven it may be finished in a multitude of ways, depending on the maker's ingenuity and purpose. It may be left pretty much in its natural state, or it may be treated with glycerin, starch, fats, oils, waxes, mucilage, ammonia, clay; it may be passed through machines which beat, polish, brush, shear, singe, gas, heetle, stretch, nap, press, print and emboss it. For cotton is the versatile textile. Not only does it have a multitude of uses; it can be made into almost any variety of fabric, given the look and feel of silk, linen, wool, leather, wood, metal, or just about what you will.

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FRATERNITIES

SIGMA OMEGA PSI

Red Barsky certainly is a good bridge pinyer. At a recent bridge game Morry won second prize—through no fault of bis own. Joe Wallace almost won tbe "booby prize", but there bappened to be someone there a wee bit dumber.

• • • •

When a fellow talks in bis sleep there must he sometbing drastically wroug somewhere. Stay away from the ladies, Joe, snd there'll be no cause for vociferous outbursts during the early hours of the morn!

• • • •

Bill Birenbaum played "Santa Claus" the otber night at the Commodore. Bill met a beautiful red head, who told Bill the sad story that she spoils easily. Our William took the bint, but the furthest he got was the Waldorf! Stick with tbem, Bill. Rome wasn't made in a day!

• • • •

Sammy bad his car stolen from the Wet City, some time ago, and had to go to the Police Station to claim his property. It is a good thing Kolsky is so innocent looking, or they would have booked him on a charge of vagrancy.

• • • •

Eta Chapter lost to the Harvard Chapter in basketball, last week, to the score of 30-27. Barsky did not play, hence the loss.

• • • •

Red frequents the haunts of Moody Street, lately, and about nine days later he breaks out witb a case of neuralgis of the gums. We know hetter!

• • • •

Leo has found out that anyone looking for sympathy can find it in Webster's dictionary. Abe Lifland has devoured many volumes in order to caress his heart throbs.

• • • •

Coben's brushes bave disappeared, and the villain is again seen in bis own clothing (Lamb's). He looks too innocent to be true.

DELTA KAPPA PHI

Bud Wells journeyed to Toronto witb Don Cohen to spend the week-end, and from rumors it seems that they showed the natives a thing or two about how to have a good time.

• • • •

Chick Campbell aud Slim Piligian, the "canny twins," have organized a new club. Membership is limited and very strict rules are enforced. This new club has a special paper of its own.

• • • •

Allard started bis Fourth of July celebration early, by nearly blowing up our laboratory sweetheart.

• • • •

Soup Campbell was in town last week-end. A celebration was held. Bud Wells tried to show Soup a good time, but in the end Soup brought Bud home.

• • • •

The spirit of Moody Street has taken Al Schaltenbrand into its fold. Recently Al was seen running around the qualitative lab shouting: "Expliquez-vous! Expliquez-vous!"

• • • •

We are wondering wby Sammy Walker inks out certain parts of the Text before he takes it over to show to a certain party. What's up, Sam?

• • • •

Jim Brosnan did not like the name of Tiger, so the boys have rechristened him "Tiger Love" Brosnan.

• • • • •

Frenchie and Art Gallagher are not fully reconciled over an incident which happened a month ago.

• • • •

With Meehan back in the house, the affairs at Callahan's have been running along smoothly. The boys greeted his return into their midst witb much enthusiasm.

• • • •

Danahy has had another run-in witb his North Common harem. This explains his aimless meandering around the buildings.

• • • •

Slim Piligian is still in the first stages of giving up cigarettes; he has stopped buying them.

FROTH

Student: "Hey, I wanna exchange this text book."

Coop: "Too late; you've had it a whole term."

Student: "But I've just found out that every other page is missing."

• • • •

Snodgrass, a Freshman, claims that the statement "In union there is strength" is a lie. He said that he tried it with gin and water last week, and it didn't work.

• • • •

Driver: "Git up, Love."

Philosopher: "Love is a queer name for a mule; don't you know love is blind?"

Driver: "So's dis mule! Git up, Love!"

• • • •

Tramp: "Have you a piece of cake, lady, to give a poor man who hasn't had a bite for two days?"

"Cake? Isn't bread good enough for you?"

"Yes, ma'am, usually, but this is my birthday."

• • • •

Bashful Young Lady: "Joe, don't tell anybody you saw me home."

B. Y. Man: "Don't you fear; I'm as much ashamed of it as you are."

• • • •

"Why don't you put your foot where it belongs?"

"If I did, you wouldn't sit down for a week."

• • • •

Lecturer: "Out of every ten children born of cigarette-smoking mothers, six of them are feeble-minded."

Coed: "No woman ought to have that many children."

"Papa" Campbell is still giving advice to the laboring Freshmen.

• • • •

We have been wondering what caused Frenchie to leave the organic lab so hurriedly two weeks ago, and how he got gas for his car without any money. Blonde or brunette?

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OMICRON PI

ADVICE TO MEMBERS OF THE LILY CLUB
OMICRON PI CHAPTER

(This is the first of a series of articles to be presented in these columns.)

1. The Art of Meeting Strange Girls in Lowell.

The first thing to do when you are desirous of making the acquaintance of some young lady is to single out the particular damsel upon whom you wish to bestow your attentions. This is best done by cutting organic lab some warm spring afternoon, bumming a cigarette from the student dozing at the neighboring desk, and adjourning to the grass plot in front of Southwick Hall (as it were—watch out for stains.) Churchill is authority for tbis statement. From here you should be able to pick out someone in two weeks' time who is worthy of your undying love. There are hundreds of them passing every day. (See Churchill's Manual—The art of passing—out.)

After you have made your choice you will then endeavor to bribe your fraternity brother to allow you to use bis car. (See Hosmer, Rawlinson, Churchill, Bradford, Sawyer, Jones, Ellis (?), Stifel, and others too numerous to mention. After promising him neither to indulge nor imbibe he let's you take his car with the understanding that you fill up the gas tank after using. (Stifel excepted.) When the choice bit of femininity then comes down the street, you will drive up to her and say "Hi," or in some circles it is considered good form to blow your horn and raise your eyebrows enticingly. The next course is to offer her a ride. Of course she will refuse if she is a "good" girl (Greendonner claims there are such—by the way, have you received an announcement of his coming wedding), as we hope she is. You will then abandon the car at the nearest fire hydrant and proceed to follow the girl on foot. Keep your breath behind your back, because perhaps your best friend hasn't told you she will enter some bank downtown and you will surmise that her father is the president of the bank. (Churchill says—"My mother hasn't told me all she should.")

The correct procedure is then to open an account at the bank and ascertain the date of birth of the bank president. It will no doubt coincide with your own. On his birthday you should send him a box of cigars and his wife some flowers—if you can borrow the money from your room mate. A card should be enclosed with your name on, or if you wish to play safe—the name of your room-mate. A little note ought to be written on the card enquiring as to the state of their health. (Ferguson interrupts to ask if you have heard the story of the dog crossing the railroad track.)

But still you haven't met the young lady, and this requires drastic action. You should hire Ellis to run into her with a motorcycle. This no doubt will take her off her feet. You will then roundly scold the driver (Dutch says he would like round whisky glasses for a wedding present) and offer to assist the young lady to her feet. She will refuse your aid, and, being in somewhat of a daze, will say, "What are you—a wise guy?" The correct answer to this is "No, I'm just a local Boy." This no doubt will go over big. (See Greendonner's book—The First Night) and you should follow up your advantage. You will then hand her your card, and she will say "Oh." This might signify anything, depending on how she says it. You can now, however, drag her off the sidewalk and finish the party in a less conspicuous place. Good—eh?

PHI PSI

A mystery hangs over the house now, since the cat went away for a week. Gross says he is going to name the first two Lavoisier and Davy, because they were the start of great things.

• • • •

How Lacaillade gets so many of these winsome wenches to visit him is a mystery to us. They have such Helen Kane voices, too. We think the next thing that they will bring him will be building bricks, to be able to do his home-work on. There's a lemon in every pitcher of lemonade.

• • • •

Misery comes not as single spies but in carloads. Something very drastic is going to be done about this thing Hall calls a saxophone. If there were two less keys on it it would sound and look like the product of the conscientious saving of soap wrappers. It appears to us like five aces does in a game of straight poker. You'd like to kill the fellow that has the hand, but, for the sake of friendship, nothing is said. You are a very good ad for the "I surprised my friends the next time we had a spelling bee" companies, Stan.

• • • •

Hallissy has again resorted to savage amusement to while away the week-ends. Last Sunday, in order to amuse himself, John stood out in the rain and plugged snowballs at the windows. Boys will be boys, but when they act like boys it's too much for us boys.

• • • •

Why do these women keep calling up the house to obtain light on some subject? Someone called up and asked for Donohue. Upon finding out that he was there, with a dirty laugh of devilish glee, they asked if they might speak to him. Donohue rushed down, almost breaking a leg in his hurry. Then a sweet voice asked him if he would go out and see if the light was burning in front of the house. Donohue, ever obliging, thinking that Colby had left the porch light going again, returned to report that it was. Then this same sweet voice politely asked him if he would please climb up the telephone pole and shut it off.

• • • •

"What is thing called 'Rejuvenine?'" If some obliging person would tell Pizzuto about it and its relative merits, it probably would relieve him of a great deal of pain.

• • • •

This Harvard-Yale hockey game certainly was the "berries". Talk about your excitement, you would have swooned. The only tough part about it was that they stopped the game for some reason or other; the doorkeeper said that the players were all through cutting up. Who won the game, anyway?

OMICRON PI NOTES

Greendonner on the eve of his approaching marriage issues statement to press in an article entitled "Nocturnal Pleasures and Their Results, or Why I Am Not a Member of the Clams."

• • • •

Johnson claims that you can get more from abroad than you can at home.

• • • •

Stifel was on the war path Sunday night with his razor. Everyone hunted cover with the exception of Fergy, who stood calmly by saying that he wasn't afraid, as it was only a safety model.

(Continued on last page)

PLAYERS' ASSOCIATION COMPLETING ARRANGEMENTS FOR ANNUAL PRESENTATION

(Continued from Page 1)

of work at Textile, the patrons can rest assured that the stage will be in a most presentable condition. Although the stage at the Auditorium is not very well suited for a production of this character, the audience could only guess that such was the case after the stage department has discharged its duties.

Ticket Manager Clark reports the sale among the students as encouraging and indicative of a goodly representation.

The pictures of the cast and management have been taken to be used in making the programs, and as far as usually beauty prevails it is hard to distinguish the managers from those who would interpret the characters of the show. It has been rumored that the three wise fools of the management were McLean, Hosmer, and Pickett, but we can obtain no confirmation.

Most of the fraternities are planning to run house parties in conjunction with the show, and almost any night you can see Textile students busily engaged in selling shoestrings, playing rail dog, or improvising other means of raising funds to bring that someone to Lowell for the week-end.

However, everyone connected with the Players is working hard to make this show as successful as those held in the past, and the entire student body should get behind this movement, and this can best be done by being present when the curtain rises at the Lowell Memorial Auditorium on April fourth. There is a great deal of work connected with a production such as this, and it deserves the loyal support of everyone. Every year a goodly sum taken from the profits is donated to the A. A. Here is your chance to help out the Players, the A. A., and incidentally have one of the best times of your life. It is the biggest social event of the year, and everyone is bound to enjoy it.

OMICRON PI NOTES

(Continued from Page 5)

Greendonner says that this marriage racket isn't what it's cracked up to be, because whenever he and the wife have words she says 'em. He also begs to assert that his next bachelor party will be a "Dutch" treat. He now signs off until the next issue, the 9th of April, when he will have the hot dope on the House party.

• • • •

Vergy and Miss Scadding spent an enjoyable afternoon in the weaving lab sewing cards for Prof. Sugden, recently. It is rumored that they are working for a common cause.

• • • •

Stifel states that he is in the market for an automobile tire, size 32 x 4. All those interested please communicate with him at their earliest convenience, as the house party isn't so far away.

• • • •

Those recent "specials" are a basis for his urgent request to his friends

• • • •

Advertisement—Wanted, a date for an evening that will be unexpected—Greta Garbo need not apply.

Signed,
Richard J. J. P. Pero, Jr.

Howarth is still making his weekly pilgrimages to Nashua for bathing purposes only. (No undressing in cars.) During the investigation it was found that someone had plugged the keyhole to the bathroom. It looks like someone had objected to the crusade of the Lily Club members, who are trying to lower their averages.

• • • •

After the week Hockridge spent at a not far distant college we expect to find him deserting St. Anne's almost any time now. He is trying to regain his strength by frequent doses of cod liver oil, but he still shows the ill effects of that week-end. Greendonner has tried to make him take up eating crackers in bed instead of fumigating the room every night with his deadly nicotine distiller. (Greendonner does not indulge.)

• • • •

Verty has shifted to Moody Street in quest of meals now.

Textile Student Hurt In Accident

Ben Meady, '30, met with a serious accident recently, when he crashed into a tree in order to avoid being struck by another automobile at the junction of Middlesex and Wilder streets. His car was pretty badly damaged, but, luckily, Ben escaped serious injury. He was treated for multiple bruises, and several stitches were taken in his left hand at the Corporation Hospital. From there he immediately went home. A fire alarm box sliced off, also. We're glad to know that Ben is all right, in spite of his harrowing experience.

Then there were the workmen sent to calcimine the Gym ceiling, and they all got plastered.

PROFESSOR H. J. BALL ATTENDS A. S. T. M. CONVENTION AT NORTH CAROLINA

(Continued from Page 1)

facturers of tire cord, thus taking in both fine and coarse goods mills.

On his return home he stopped at New York and inspected the plant of the U. S. Testing Co., both the storage and conditioning plant in Hoboken, which is given over to the testing of silk, and the testing house in New York City. Five alumni of L. T. I. greeted him here. His trip was very interesting and kept him on the jump all of the time.

Senor Alzardo: "Let's have a little siesta."

Tourist: "I don't care if I do—squeeze a little lemon in mine."

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